



**THE DIFFUSED RAYS OF  
MANY SEPARATE BEAMS OF LIFE  
FALL INTO FOCUS...  
(MUMFORD)**

Dear Mum and Dad,

It's been 21 hours and 39 minutes since you dropped me off in my room, not that I'm watching the clock or anything, and I haven't really met anyone yet.

I decided to go for a walk into the city and explore a little. The buzzing in the atmosphere dragged me to a market, which fell into the shadow of Town Hall. I suddenly felt the air of home, which made the hairs on the back of my neck stand to attention with every deal the sellers shouted. The smell of wet card, where the produce sat waiting on the stalls that tell each vendors life, rests at the back of my throat. Unlike the market back home, there is every culture present. Rather than a local farmer selling me his best Lincoln sausages, I had an elderly African woman beckon me over with hands, cracked black with memories, but I simply smiled and walked on. Every colour of spice was present, exhibiting the complex palate of the city working together. The city is a lock, its people the key. Every walk of life is guided by the authority of the city and focused into a high proof cocktail of conformity that people blissfully follow. Flowing down the river of primitive commerce, I find myself back at my room lighter than before.

All I needed was city air.

Love, Jake



Mr and Mrs Toon

9 Scotlands Road

Coalville

Leicestershire

LE6 73RD



***"How do you know he's  
not from London?"***



***"when he stands on the  
left!"***

Dear Dad,

I decided today was the day to experience the underground in all its glory.

With the station only being a stone throw away from my flat, I had my oyster card topped up before I knew what was happening. I fell into the flow of the commuters running from the bus station outside, and was pushed through the barriers by the onslaught of brief cases.

I made my way towards the escalators leading down into the belly of the beast and made the most sacrilegious mistake any Londoner could commit. I stood on the left hand side and waited, it wasn't until I saw the sign telling people to stand on the right that I looked behind me to see a full line of irritated faces that I realized I was doing wrong. A quick side step and the flow continued along, with the odd tut towards me.

I followed the signs till I reached the end of the platform and waited for my train to come. What was I suppose to do now? I'd forgot to bring my earphones, rookie mistake, so really had nothing to do apart from the read the same advert over and over, until it moved. One second the painting advertised from the national gallery was static; but the next, the tiger depicted was running across the jungle. I took a seat on the bench and my eyes drifted to the floor where I studied the yellow line that ran the length of the platform. What was it there for? Decoration? It wasn't until the train shrieked to a stand still that it became a warning. A symbol of danger that if you get to close, the city will harm you.

Speak later!

Jake



Mr Toon

9 Scotlands Road

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“One must buffer him or  
herself from a  
constantly  
changing environment.”

Dear Elta,

I got onto the Northern Line and managed to get one of the last seats on the carriage. I just zoned out and listened to my music ignoring everyone.

We came to Chalk Farm and hardly anyone got off, when an elderly woman boarded, she looked like she could use a seat. I took a quick scan and no one had offered her their seat and they were all lost in the void of their own mind.

What should I do? I was sat in the middle of the carriage. It would have been weird for me to stand up and offer her my seat, when no one else did. So I just stared at the tube wall. I just kept reading all the signs on the wall. I couldn't really focus on them and they became a blur in my mind, but anything to shut me off from looking at the elderly woman.

All I kept thinking was if this was back home then there would have been at least 5 people to offer their seat, including me. But its weird the city changes people. Its like we have shut off from everyone and have no concern for others. Its like its all to much and the only way to survive is to shut off from it all. Would I see or have to deal with any of these people again?

Speak soon,

Jake



Elta Granger  
18 Scotlands Road  
Coalville  
Leicestershire  
LE67 3RD

THE FASHION EVENT

“With conscious pride, I stod insoide and looked at the Worlds Great Fair in, Until me sight, Was dazzled quite, And couldn't see for staring”

(Mr. Maloney's account of the Crystal Palace)

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Dear Stacey,

I was on my way to uni for the first time, but being the stupid brother I am, I got lost on the tube. I was on the wrong line or something, but I ended up arriving at Oxford Street somehow. Now, I know you like a good shopping trip, but this is something else.

Unlike the boarded up precinct back home, the window displays in the city are teaming with life ready for anyone to enter. Every shop is neatly arranged at your convenience along the street; so you can seamlessly enjoy scouting out a new handbag in Selfridges and then walk next door to enjoy a Big Mac.

Obviously for me it's like being in a museum, everything protected by glass just out of reach, with mum's voice ringing 'look, but don't touch' in the back of my head. I just can't get over how many bags the city people have hanging off their arms, Liberty, Harrods, GAP. All filled with possessions, only what we could dream of, that are bought out of desire rather than necessity.

Maybe you can visit towards Christmas and I can show you it all?

Speak soon,

Jake

Stacey Toon  
14 Colonel Close  
Ellistown  
Leicestershire  
LE67 1GN



"A view? Oh a view! How delightful a view is!"  
(Miss Bartlett)

Merry Christmas

HYUNDAI

meet me  
for a Winter warmer



Dear Jake,

Forget about the allure of London we have come to know from films, like Love Actually, because it is all a lie. Not every

Londoner is Hugh Grant, neither are they all middleclass white people stressing over who loves who. One trip to Piccadilly Circus shows me how untrue all of the movies we've seen about London are.

The cinematic filter is blown away with the cold wind of the city, but it still attracts every member of its audience. That's the problem with the city. It takes every travel medium, even movies, and turns it into something profitable. It brings the tourist flocking, like sheep, to the iconic places in the city. They all search for this authentic experience, but it's impossible to find. The fabricated idea of London is set in the tourist's mind, which destroys the true identity of the city. All of them gawk, mindlessly taking pictures of the giant screens, ignoring everything that doesn't fall on the oversized advertisements. What they don't truly see is the ghost of Swan & Edgar that I'm stood next to. It all just gets boiled down into a view that can be bought, rather than experienced.

Phew, little rant over. Feel like a Londoner now I live here rather than just a tourist!

Speak soon,

Jake



Mr J Pervin

13 Burgess Road

Coalville

Leicestershire

LE6 7 3PS



**“Man is at  
his vilest  
when he  
erects a  
billboard”**  
**(David  
Ogilvy,  
1963)**

Miss Aleks Dys.  
16 Richmond Gardens  
Hendon  
London  
NW4 4RT



Dear Aleks,

On my walk from the house to the tube I noticed the huge amounts of adverts that we witness everyday, but hardly pay any attention to. From bus stops to the buses themselves, are all pasted with adverts. Beauty products, movies and food all meet my eye line. What gets me is how obscure some of the placements are. I notice one towards the station that is so high up no one could see it unless they craned their necks to breaking point. This advert was old, weather washed and out of reach for anyone to change regularly, resulting in the unlucky building looking spoilt. On the tube all adverts are placed perfectly for me to stare at. I go from Hendon Station to Bank, which is a long journey, but an ad for hair replacement had me reading it over and over for entertainment.

When I got off at Bank I decided to walk towards St Paul's, which was just visible in the distance, its spot lit spires peaking over the top of the other ominous buildings.

On the walk down the main city road I come across something I've never seen before, a rubbish bin with a screen on it. I can't help but stop and stare at the spectacle as adverts reel over each other on the display. It amazes me that the city has every company fighting for advertising space, that even our waste disposal can be turned into potential promotional material.

When will it ever end?

Speak soon,  
Jake

Ice Cold Coca-Cola Here

SPAGHETTIHOUSE  
RISTORANTE • PIZZERIA



50 METRES

Ice Cold Coca-Cola H

THE FIRST ORDER OF  
COMMERCIAL  
PRIVATEERS

Dear Mum,

From the open apple market in Covent Garden to the multiplex mall in Shepherd's Bush, everything comes at a physical price. You can see that from focusing on consuming London, the city people have pushed it down a path of successful economic production. Its nothing like back home, where the closing of the Pits saw the downfall of the town, neglected by a government to focused on the bigger cities.

As I walk around the market in Covent Garden, the cold air blows past me as it rushes through the rafters of the ornate roof, which has stood strong since 1980's. The stalls here are ablaze with light, showing off everything that can be purchased, such as antique cutlery handcrafted into unique, one-of-a-kind jewelry. The first market here was predicted to have started in the 1600's, and you can feel the old meeting the new in this imperial city. The quirk of footfall from ancestor's can be felt, as they too would have wandered around the market. The ancient stalls placed in a random manner, but perfectly working together, like a microcosm of the city. As I walk down the center isle vendors entice me over to their craft, but I'm a poor student and can only look.

I write this sat at a café enjoying an over priced tea bag in some hot water, pouring back into the old city to develop the new.

Now back to the flat for a ready meal,

Speak soon,

Jake



2013

USA FOREVER

Mrs Mum

9 Scotlands Road

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LE6 73RD

**COLONIZE  
WITH  
CAPITALISM**



Dear Dad,

I've been in London a while now and experienced more than I ever thought possible. From the grand halls of Parliament, to the mysterious graffiti of Shoreditch, I've witnessed what the city truly has to offer. But one thing that has caught my attention is how I move through the city.

It's weird, but I think that an alien could walk around the main streets of London with a sense of rhythm that is constructed through its advertisements. It's almost as if companies remap the city to their needs, pricing areas depending on the beat of the footfall.

As I walk down Carnaby Street, I follow the crowd, all drawn by the same distinct feeling of finding something we don't quite know yet. The shops are decorated in the same pastel colours of the beach huts we've seen in Devon, and they seem appealing from the outside, but it's the giant Rolling Stones logo I recognize from your collection that pulls me with the masses. I'm wasn't really sure where to turn next, but the Jack Wills advert caught my eye and I felt the unnatural pull towards Regent Street.

On the main street it's impossible to escape the shops and you can't help but look. Hypnotized by the decadent lights and stunning displays, everyone is colonized by the maps of the city, which are constructed by a successful sales pitch. Your sense of direction determined by maps created of the city

Missing you and see you next week for Christmas,  
Jake



Mick Toon (a.k.a Dad)

9 Scotlands Road

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Leicestershire

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*A cacophony of noise*

Dear Sophie,

Remember back a couple of years when we were sat watching the Olympic opening ceremony? And you really wanted to make the journey there? Well, I finally did!

Well, I made it to the gates anyway, but I literally experienced what it meant to be at the games just travelling here. The entire way I was bombarded with what it meant to be part of the British brand.

From getting on the tube, to walking past the memory stained walls in Hackney, what it means to be British. At every opportunity royal blue is accompanied with red and white to give the city the underlying features of the flag, patriotic turnings with every road and junction. However, on my walk from Hackney to the park, it had me questioning what it truly meant to be British. Brit-Pop? The Royal Family? James Bond? What were the true qualities that added up to be British? But the streets of Hackney proved different.

The day I had picked to visit where the mega event took place, there also happened to be a carnival happening in Hackney. The roads were packed with loads of people from the city, and it was hard making my way through the crowds. However, there wasn't any true definition of "British'ness" we hasseen constructed during the Olympics which aimed to attract tourists, investors and students from abroad.

From Reggae to Brazilian dance, flags from around the world were present at the carnival, all of them falling focus into the Union Jack that showed the diversity of London. This diversity shows the change of what it truly means to be British.

Sophie Hawtin

8 Sycamore Road

Greenhill

Coalville

Leicestershire

LE6 1SS



One advert I see says, 'travel the world... come to London', which is true just from one trip to the Park.

The city of London is truly a microcosm of the diverse world.

Maybe you can visit soon and I'll show you it all

For now

Jake

**“the exotic city of the inter-war period has become todays open, multicultural metropolis.”**



Dear Grandma,

I'm currently sat in the shadow Buckingham palace, staring at the imperial, stone face of Queen Victoria. I know you love a bit of the royal family, but I can't help think what it means to be from Britain. As she regally glares down the Mall, it's almost as if the old Queen contemplating her Britain. In a time completely a world away to the one we know, it isn't easy to see the ghosts of the British imperial city.

Being born in the 1930's, you had entered a time where Britain was at a stand still, not only culturally but also politically. When the turmoil of war was over the imperial state of mind went, one place that you can see this is Notting Hill.

From the high end Jamie Oliver restaurant, to the African hair salons, you can see the imperial city receding back into the architecture of the capital and making way for the new global space.

One antiques shop caught my eye and I decided to enter and see what treasures it's held. The air was thick with history and the ticking of clocks. Stood behind the counter was an elderly gentleman who spoke with a thick, jolly African accent. He began explain one of the grandfather clocks to me and out walked an elderly woman from the back of the shop. It was a shock as she reminds me of you in looks, but she spoke with the clearest of British regal tones, not the old Coalville'ian you have. She explained how her and her husband had opened the shop after they married. They were a perfect example of the new global city, which is a melting pot full of different nationalities that can no longer be pinned down by old, imperial way of thinking.



I'll phone you sometime soon,

For now sending my love,

Jake

Gran, 36 Smith Cresent, Greenhill, Coalville, Leicester, LE67 3JW